more profitable than a silver mine. Salzer's catalogue is full of rare things for the farmer, gardener and citizen, and the editor believes that it would pay everybody a hundred-fold to get Salzer's catalogue before purchas-

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 10 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., they will mail you their mammoth seed catalogue and 10 samples of grasses and grains, including above corn and barley. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. (K)

"CHAR'TY," said Uncle Eben, "will kibber multitude of sins, an' yit most ob us m' seem ter hab much mo' dan'il go n' foh our owa pus'nal uses."—Washington Star.

How's Thic?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Rew ora for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Chener & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 13 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Todo, O. FALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials

out any obligations made by their firm

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

By Halves.—"I always meet trouble half way." said the man who had paid half of his promissory note and arranged for an extension of the other half.—Detroit Free

Firs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bot-tle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

WHAT is the most convenient and economical way to travel in America?" in-quired the visiting Englishman. "On a pass," replied Trotter, dryly.—Harper's Razar

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipution 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

Wife-"All right; dine with us to-day."
I'll order corned beef."

clarity, increasing sales and wonderful cure The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the bloed, and as the blood reaches every nock and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come un-

Sarsaparilia

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggista. 81. Hood's Pills cure Liver His; easy to

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

## KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

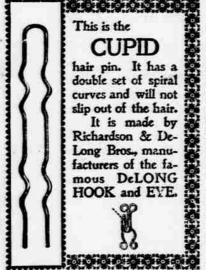
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book. A benefit is always experienced from the

first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or like needles passing Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

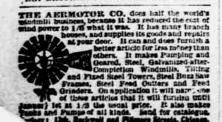
If the stomach is foul or bilious it will.

cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.



Since 1861 I have been as great sufferer from catarrie. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone. - W.L. Hitch. cock, Lete Major U.S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

A particle tempolic dinio each nostribuid is agree the. Price Moents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.





makes my My eyes with rap-

It does not bear the Youwould not call It "fine. There's nothing

hints That it's a valen-

In truth I will confess The li tle maid bare one word wrete, But oh! that word was 'yes.'

That word was "yes," and you can gues What radiant joy is mine, For stra will be oh, happiness!-My ife-long valentine.

-Joanstone Murray, in Womenkind.



flonted even to where old Cateb sat on the courthousesteps, ALove the gray old negro gleamed the

white Dorie columns of the house of Caleb was the most bedecked old ne-

gro to be seen out of Congoland. He wore a tall white hat, a blue frock coat -some 20 brass buttons adorned that coat-a steel chain (presumably for a watch he wore), a chain that crossed his breast four times. Sundry charms and bangles dangling about him give him an appearance imposing as that of a Knight of the Garter. This was his usual attire. He felt that such elaboration of toilet was due his position, he was general sweeper and cleaner of these offices and this house of justice. He rang the great bell when courts were in session. He fed the flock of pigeous that hovered about the courthouse belfry and the jail tower. Manifold as his duties were, he had comparative fersure now; even commission ers' court was adjourned. He sat basking in the pleasant afternoon sun, looking with unflagging interest down the vista of old shops and new-set young

water oaks. In front of one shop sat his quondam owner, sometime employer, and always his object of devotion. Very old and worn looked the major in the bright light that fell over him. His nearlybrushed clothes were very shabby, his handsome old face and military air were very imposing. His rattan stick and his cork ley were rested out on a splint bottomed chair before him. His gestures, as he talked to the group of gentlemen about him, were excited. He was probably telling a story of the war, possibly telling the same story for the 100th time. Caleb was trying to match the excited gestures with his own experience, and to guess at the particulars of the story; for he had followed young Travis Calvert through fighting, wounding and imprisonment. His efforts after the thread of the story were interrupted, however, by the rolling of a handsome carriage between him and his master. Down went the major's cork leg, up the major's stiff body, off the major's soft hat; and just so often as a lady passed, or driving or walking, just so often and so elaborately was the major's story interrupted.

In the present instance the lady was Miss Lorena Banks, fair, fat and much over 40. Her carriage drew up at the post office, too far for either Calcb or the major to hear the fidgety inquiries efter the Woman's Work, that came always, or nearly always, on a Wednes-day; the Lofty Choir Weekly, that failed to come last evening; and the Portrayer of Fashion, that must be in the office now, and must be searched

Though Caleb could not hear the sharp tones, he could note very well the gloss and elegance of the equipage. From his smattering knowledge of deeds, titles, rent notes, crop lieus and the like, he knew very well the goodly amount of the lady's income. Something may be the time of the year, may be the insistent odor of violets in the nir, maybe the red glow of the camellia japonicas on the coats of the university boys as they sauntered by him, themselves glowing with youth and brightness, every four out of five smiling over a valentine; anyhow, something set Caleb thinking of the long ago. It was of '61, the 13th of February, and bitterly cold in that intrenched camp. called by grace Fort Ponaldson, Grant threatened by land, Commodore Frote by water. To help in the land attack, unexpected and unprepared for, until the fall of Fort Henry, the soldiers were throwing up earthworks as hastily as might be. Under biting snow and sleet they shoveled cheerily at the red

Side by side worked Travis Calvert and his body servant, Caleb. Down in concert swept the arm of master and slave, up in unison heaved the sho.els

Calcb remembered to-day how Calvert had said to him that day: "When I get a snatch of time, Caleb, I am going to write a letter to Miss Lorena. I am going to give it to you, and if in the engagements to come behind these earthworks I am killed, you send it to her. If I come out safe I'll send it myself " Caleb had said: "You talk 'bout gittin'

Lilled, Marse Travis; what yo' ma

gwine to say to that?" "Me being killed would break 'em up at home, wouldn't it? But," continued the young soldier, "I am going to have no more shilly-shally about this letter. At the door he had trembled; but his ten with you." I love that girl. I always will, always have loved that girl, and I am going to tell her so"--all his young breath froze on the keen, cold air as he talked of the warmth in his young heart; "I'll be the Lorena. Lappiest man if that girl loves me. My name, my heart, my forthue, every-

his shovel.

What yo' ma gwine say to dat?" "That would break 'em all up at home s out of my hands."

February 14, the day sacred to sweetlearts, pink bearts, and the arrows of Cupid. Of this, however, Calvert had no thought, among the ringing of the the confederates against the gunboats

on the river. For the next two days there was n way out of the besieged camp, and Caleb was too busy dodging shells to ask: think of the letter be carried.

On the 17th, that day of fiercest fight ing, Calvert's leg was cut clean away That awful night, when 4,000 dead, and dying, and wounded of both armies lay on the ground and literally froze outright, it was Caleb who got Calvert a place in an ambulance of the enemy A fortnight later Calvert waked to con sclousness. He lay somewhere in the chill north on a prison cot, and Caleb leaned over him to ask: "Marse Travis, mus' I send the letter now?"

"No, no, no," grouned Calvert; "I an broken up. I am worthless now. Not with all my wealth, not with all my lands, would I ask her now."

When at last prison doors were flung wide, when hundreds upon hundreds of crippled, manned southern boys turned their prison-paled faces home ward, young Calvert found Caleb waiting for him. Freedom and honor had been Caleb'

in the land of Calvert's captivity, and these he had used to the utmost of his power for the comfort and succor of his master. Now together they turned their faces to the warm, sweet south. That was a returning that was no home-coming. Calvert's father was

clared this young aristocrat, heaving felt rendy to swoon, too, for the room smelled so strangely and diffusely of Caleb had said: "You talk bout old, very old rose petals, of simmering an yin' de daughter of de man what tea, of dried sweet fern, that one would wersee for we-all in yo'gran pa's time? have fancied that there was never a fresh violet or a day of gay youth in the whole world. But there was no too, wouldn't it? But I love her, and drawing back now; for Caleb held the that letter I write as soon as this shovel | yellowed missive abroad in his hand, and Miss Lorena was already eying it It was the gray dawn of another day curiously. So, bowing and bending ore Calvert found time to write that till he tinkled like a rattle in a baby's letter full of love's assurances and ur- fist, he laid the old letter in the hand gency; so it happened that it was dated | held out for it. While she fumbled with the ancient seal Caleb's hand fumbled

with his blue-checked shirt as if it would tear it into shreds, The antiquated paper told faithfully commies bullets across the earthworks, young love's story—a sweet, fervent and the sound of the plunging fire of tale. For a moment the reader was herself young again, 30 years well forgotten; but, suddenly remembering those 30 years and more, she turned sharply on the cringing old negro to "Whoever gave you this?"

"Marse Travis Calvert." "When did he give it to you? I say vhen-when?"

"Nigh as I can git de count it were 30 odd year ago," stammered Caleb. "And you!" she cried; "you kept it!" She saw the cause of her youth's disappointment, and she felt it anew and most keenly. "You! Why didn't you give it to me? You."

Caleb was frightened now of no uncertainty, of no imaginings of his own. He was desperately frightened of Misa Lorena, and he made all haste a human tongue could make to tell the story of the letter and its long delaying. He dwelt especially on his own repeated offers to deliver it; he spoke with especial fervency of his determination of that afternoon to exacult with the major no longer about the matter, but to fetch it to her on his own reponsibility.

Full dark had fallen before Miss Lorena sent for Caleb from the kitchen, where he had been warming and feeding, to lay a crisp new note in his hands with the injunction: Give this to Maj. Calvert immediately!"

The major's bare little room was



HE STOOD BEFORE MISS LOSENA.

his lands mortgaged.

their home; there Calvert managed to note was in his hand, when Caleb had eke out on existence for himself, his found his glasses and held the smoky Liother, and the ever-faithfu! Caleb. lamp near for him to read it, he was as

her girlish beauty looked kindly on the first kiss, now. Marse Travis?"

an?" Calvert would exclaim.

Travis, mus' I give the letter new?" Since the mother's death Calvert had N. Y. Independent. lived alone in a bare little kired room over a shop. Wire-pulling politicians had maneuvered to thrust the major out of his office, and now with clear honor ever his and hard chance ever against him, he made a meager sum by copying

and accounting. Caleb lost neither his position at the courthouse nor his place as Calvert's housekeeper and man of all work. Just stant terror lest the major should discover that oftentimes his own earnings went to help out the meager sums the major gave him for the frugal housekeeping. He well knew if ever a sus-picion of this reached the brave major, himself was forever banished, and the major given over to utmost pe erty and unmitigated discomfort.

These thoughts, together with the dreams of what might have been, were too much for Calco. He resolved to make one more effort to gain permission from his master to deliver the letter. He rose from the steps of the Doric portico-all the bangles and chains tinkled on him as he started across the street to the major-but a sudden decision stopped him short; wheeling about, he struck off in the opposite direction as fast as his old

legs could carry him. It made no matter that the major called to him queruloasly. He pre-

tended that he could hear nothing. He stopped nor stayed until he had reached the broad door of the Banks mansion and had tapped an apologetical tap under the electric bell thereon. knees verily shook and bowed under him, and all his brazen adornments jangled on him like beils on a shaken tambourine when he stood before Miss

She was so utterly different in appearance from the girl he had been that young man gone, Mamie? thing is hers if she will marry me," de- | dreaming of for his master's sake. He | Mamie--Yes, papa; awfullet -- Judge

baried, his mother crushed with sor- | dark and cold, for it takes all the sunrow, his home burned, his negroes freed, shine to keep February warm. The major himself was fractious, for Caleb In a little cottage at the park gate be had not been inattentive before in over found his mother, and this they made a quarter of a century. But when the In those first days of home-coming exultant for a moment as a schoolboy Caleb had asked, seeing that Lorena in on an April day, rich with his love's

naimed hero: "Shall I give de letter | It was the answer to his own love's urgency; he knew it as soon as the "No, no! what have I to offer a wom- first words met his old eyes. In that moment of cestasy his cork leg, his At intervals in all those long years poverty, his sorrows-all were forgotwhen Miss Lorena was left sole heir to ten. And even when, an hour later, a goodly fortune, while Calvert scuilled he sat by Miss Lorena's warm fire, her with only the salary of a chancery plump hand held charily in his thin cicrkship and a swelling current of one, and all the years and all the griefs neortgages with no breakwater of pay- that had sundered them remembered ments to check their progress, Caleb and talked over, surely in all the lovhad continued to ask, when violets were | ing world, on that blessed St. Valensweet and japonicas bright: "Marse tine's day, there were not two happier hearts than these .- Martha Young, in

Grandma's First Remembrance, Last week I was over at grandma's, and while I was holding the yarn for her to wind I said that next Monday was Valentine's day. And she said was it? And I said yes, and wouldn't she tell me about some valentines she used to get. And she said she never got a valentine in Ler life! I was so surprised now the faithful creature lived in con- I nearly whistled. And I felt so sorry for grandma! But I just thought inside: "She can't say that ary more after next Monday."

I had some nickels and pennies in my bank that I was going to buy valentines for some of the girls with, but I knew they had all had valentines in their lives, and I was bound to do the right thing by grandma. And I'm glad

I went to see her again Monday afternoon. And there she sat by the window, with all my valentines spread out in her lap, looking as pleased as you ever saw. There was a big, lovely store valentine, and a pretty square card, and one I made myself with some pressed flowers. And i printed all the addresses, so she wouldn't reckernice the writing.

And she said: "Artic, who do you suppose sent me these beautiful valentines? If I only knew who 'twas, I should have him take tea with me, and help cat the cookies I made to-day." And I said: "Wily, grandma, I couldn't tell who seat the valentines.

but I could tell who would like to take So she laughed and squeezed my hand, and went to set the table .-Youta's Compenion.

Clear Case. Pape (on the top of the stairs)-le ERYSIPELAS AT 81.

Physicians Favored Amputation of the Limb.

It Was Not Done, and the Patient Was Cured by Internal Remedies.

om the Republican-Register, Galesburg, Il Biggsville, twenty-nine miles west of Galesburg, Ill., on the line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, is an old, quiet little town. In earlier days it was noted as a good business point.

It was here that a representative of the Republican-Register found Mrs. Rhoda Talcott, 81 years of age, who told him, in the presence of her grateful daughter, Mrs. E Sloan, the following story, which is given as nearly as possible in her own language:

"Yes, it is with great pleasure that I can give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Over thirty years ago I was taken with a chill and crystoclas set in. For sixteen weeks I was not able to walk a step. The physicians proposed to take off one of my limbs but finally decided not to do so. It mortified in spots, which had to be cut or burnt out. After I was able to get about, with the use of crutches, every two or three mouths erysipelas would set in again, and I suffered intensely from it. I had a good many different doctors : Dr Fitch, of Sheridan, Iowa; Dr. Brown, of Chanute, Kansas; Dr. Scarft, of Burlington, Iowa; Dr. Trembly, of Oakland, California Dr. Searle, of Galesburg, Illinois, and a doc tor in Kansas City, but obtained no relief and after treatment from all these physicians, instead of getting better, began to get very much worse. The other limb broke out in two places with sores about the size of a silver dollar. I could not sleep nights without the aid of morphine. My limbs were so badly swollen that I could no put on my shoes or walk a step without either having on a heavy bandage or a silk or rubber stocking. About a year ago I read of and was told by a neighbor, about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I concluded, as a last resort, to try them, as I felt certain I could find no other relief. From the very first after I commenced to use the pills, I began to improve and since that time I have not been troubled at all. I would not have done without the Pink Pills for anything, as they have most certainly prolonged my life. My general health is much better than It has been for a good many years, and I am now 81 years of age. Have not only used the Pink Pills with success, but have recommended them to my friends whom I thought needed such treatment, and several have tried them and found relief."

Mrs. Sloan said that just before commencing to use the Pink Pills, she thought her mother could live but a very short time, and was most agreeably surprised after she had given the pills a trial.

Mrs. Talcott has made her home with her daughter for five or six years, and she can most cheerfully certify to the heaft her. either having on a heavy bandage or a silk

daughter for five or six years, and she can most cheerfully certify to the benefit her mother has derived from the use of the medicine. medicine.

The reporter also called on Mr. George Kelly, the son of one of the prominent hardware dealers in Biggsyllle, who has used the Pink Pills. He was troubled with pains in the stomach and back, and from the very

first he commenced to get better, and no he is not troubled at all. he is not troubled at all.

John McKee, the druggist in the village, stated that he had sold a great many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that they most certainly give the best of satisfaction and have accomplished great results. Quite a number of the villagers are now using them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfalling specific for such diseases as I locomorestore shattered nerves. They are an un-failing specific for such diseases as locomo-tor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciattica, neuralgia, rheamatists, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weatness either in mate or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 160), by addressing br. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Peculiar Australian Storn

A prize was recently awarded by the Royal society of New South Wales to the author of a paper on "Southerly Burters." This is the name given in Australia to storms which begin with violent northerly winds, withering like the breath of a furnace, because they have swept across the burning sands of the interior, and bearing clouds of suffocating dust. Suddenly, in the midst of the tempest, the wind swings round into the southwest or south, and heavy rain begins to fall, driven before chilling blasts from the ice-clad regions surrounding the South Pole,-Youth's Companion.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand some thing spicy." "Weil," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cin-namon bear. — Sports Afield.

The Modern Way Commends itself to the well-informed to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the sys-tem and break up colds, headaches, and fovers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Byrup Company.

"BLYKINS has his own way in his house." "Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand." - Washington

"Brown's Bronchetts, Asthma, Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Sold only in boxes.

Very Awkward Indeed. Very Awkward Indeed.

This is precisely the kind of mistake a man makes if he "turns out" on the wrong side of the road when a vehicle comes toward him. No less absurd is the error of the individual who takes drastic mediches to relieve his liver. That organ is on the right side, and the road to its relief is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine also adapted to the relief of dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and rheumatic ailments and malaria.

"How Nice to get such a hearty encore" she said, as the half-back was called back after an 80-yard run. — Harvard Lampoon.

An exchange heads a local item: "He pants for the bloomer girl." That's what they are—"he pants."

LET THE EARTH REJOICE AND farmers sing. With our new hardy rasses, clovers and fodder plants the corest, most worn out, toughest worst piece of land can be made a fertile as the valley of the Nile. Only takes a year or so! At the same time you will be getting big crops! Teo sinte, Giant Spurry, Sacaline, Lathyrus what a variety of names! Catalogue tells you!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND I to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 14c. postage, you will get free their mammoth catalogue and ten grass and grain and fodder samples (worth \$10.00 to get a start). They are fine, the editor believes.

"Januers's son, they say, could talk when only two weeks cid." "That's nothing. The Bible says Job cursed the day he was born."—Judge.

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

He that resolves upon any great and go

end has by that very resolution sea chief barrier to it. Tryon Edwards.

AFTER slx years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mart Tuomson, 29½ Ohi Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

HE-"Charlotte, I love you; can you no eturn my affection?" She-"I'm afraid I'l mve to, as I have no use for it."

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most from PAINS and cannot work. ST. JACOBS OIL will cure and fit them for work when the chance comes.



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The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for io cents and

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That is what Baron von Liebig said of good chocolate. All of Walter

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earligess; full of life and organ. That's the OHN A SALZER SEED @ LA GROSSE WIS

**●你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你你啊** 

## Rattlesnakes, Butterflies,

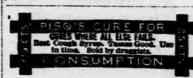
Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it ; bounded in -butterflies. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, sup-posedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted becacce it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best,

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



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